

CANZO N r₈

JLL beauty's far
 perfections rest in thee !
 And sweetest grace of
 graces Decks thy face,
^ybove faces! All virtue
 takes her glory from thy
 mind! The Muses in thy wits have
 their places ! And in thy thoughts
 all mercies be !

Thine heart from all hardness
 free ! An holy place in thy thoughts, holiness
 doth find !

In favourable speech, kind! A
 sacred tongue and eloquent! Action
 sweet and excellent! Music itself, in
 joints of her fair fingers is !

She, Chantress of singers is! Her plighted
 faith is firm and permanent! O now ! now,
 help ! Wilt thou take some compassion ? She
 thinks I flatter, writing on this fashion!

Thy beauty past, with disorder stained is !
 In thee, no graces find rest!
 In thee, who sought it, saw
 least! And all thy thoughts be vain
 and vicious !

Thy brains with dulness are
 oppresst ! Of thee, no
 mercy gained is!